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No. 177.

LOOKING BACK.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

Floating down old Time's swift river,
Glancing onward o'er the track,
Evening sunset finds me looking,
Often sadly looking back.

And I see a blue-eyed maiden,
With her hair a golden hue,
Waiting for me at the falling
Of the early summer dew.

Then the vision slowly passes,
As I reach my hand to save,
And another rises slowly—
'Tis a maiden's lonely grave.

Now I see my home of childhood,
And my mother's angel face,
All my tears are sadly falling,
As I see the dear old place.

There the time has changed,
The old has passed no more,
But a stately mansion rises,
Where the old house stood of yore.

All is changed, not one slight token
Of the days now gone and past,
Comes to cheer me as I'm floating
Swiftly down toward the last.

For I see them as I knew them
In the days forever gone,
Nothing now is left but Mem'ry—
I am floating all alone!

Dashing Dick:

OR,

TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES.
AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"BOY SIX," "IRONSIDES THE SCOUT," "DEATH"
"NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIEND IN NEED.

TRAPPER Tom grasped the vines that the unknown had placed in his hands, with that desperation that a drowning man grasps at the least thing which will offer him assistance. The next moment the rope that encircled his ankle was cut and his feet carefully lowered to a narrow ledge entirely concealed from the basilisk eyes above by the deep shadows of the overhanging vines and foliage.

The moment, however, that the rope swung back over the rift without its weight, a yell of baffled rage burst from the lips of the savages. This was immediately succeeded by the sound of excited voices and hurrying feet.

"Take it easy, Trapper Tom," said the unknown friend; "the red-skins will hardly get down here before you can get the blood started right and ready to flee."

"Wal, really—wal," stammered the old trapper, rubbing his eyes; "I'll sw'ar it blured my opties more or less, stranger! it wer'n't a pleasure, I'll warrant ye."

"I presume not," replied the stranger, whose clear, musical voice denoted his youth.

"Now, stranger, if you'll just lead the way, I'll follow you outen this valley and shadher. I sw'ar I've no likin for the spot, but ten to one we see'd my flyin' trapeze performance."

"To be sure I did. Fortunately I happened here a few minutes before you jumped from the log," replied the unknown, who, leading the way, soon piloted the old trapper from the gorge into the woods.

Trapper Tom now took the lead, and the two proceeded toward that point on Clear Lake from whence the trapper desired to embark for his Castle.

It required but a few minutes' walk to bring them to the margin of the little lake.

They paused where the moonbeams fell full upon them.

Trapper Tom now turned to his companion.

"Blarst my ole picters if it ain't Harry Herbert, the boy hunter!" burst from his lips in astonishment when he recognized the face of his companion.

"Yes, Tom, and I presume you'd have recognized me e'er this had your head not been turned upside down in the chasm," responded the youth.

Harry Herbert was a lad not over twenty years of age, and but for the dark, silken mustache that shaded his mouth he would have appeared much younger. He was small in stature, well-built. His eyes were dark and steaming with a bright, jovial and fearless expression. Short, dark ringlets clustered about a fine-poised head that was covered with a mink-skin cap. In features he was handsome, although his face and hands were tanned by sun and wind to a nut-brown; and there was an air about him that told of more than the usual culture among bordermen.

Harry Herbert was represented to be a cousin of Pauline Winslow, and the truthfulness of the fact was manifest in the great family resemblance between the two.

"Wal, younker," said Trapper Tom, after they had conversed for a few minutes, "you done me a good turn to-night, and—"

"Yes, I presume so, when I turned your heels below your head," interrupted Harry.

Trapper Tom indulged in a low, silent laugh.

"Edzactly, Harry, edzactly," he at length replied; "and as one good turn deserves another, suppose you turn in with me at Lake Castle and spend the night."

"I'll be only too happy to do so, if you will warrant my safety from your spirits."

"I'll do that, lad. Polly Winslow shan't be cheated outen her boy-lover while Trapper Tom's head's level. No, sirree! She's a glorious gal, and that's scores of young fellers that'd give their very souls for her; but that's neither here nor there, so let's set sail for the Castle."

As he concluded, he proceeded to launch a canoe which he had concealed hard by. This done, they entered the craft and seated themselves, and the next moment they were gliding across the waters toward the Castle.

They were out about a hundred yards from shore when suddenly a voice rang out over the lake with startling distinctness.

"Ho, there, Trapper Tom!" it called. "For



They were out about a hundred yards from shore, when a voice rang out over the lake with startling distinctness.

God's sake permit me to lodge at Lake Castle to-night again."

The old borderman ceased paddling. The voice was familiar to him. It was that of Dashing Dick, the hunter.

"By the shades of purgatory!" exclaimed the trapper. "it's Dashiin' Dick, and his presence recalls to my benumbed brain the fact that I seed him and Polly Winslow fleen from some o' Red Falcon's savages, not three hours ago."

"Is this possible?" exclaimed Harry, manifesting great surprise.

"Yes, and it may be Polly's with him now. If not, she's fallen into the power of the cursed devils."

"Then for Heaven's sake paddle back, and let us know at once where she is."

Trapper Tom headed the canoe shoreward. A few vigorous strokes of the paddle carried it to the beach where Dick was standing.

Another moment and the young hunter was aboard the craft.

"Where is Polly, Dick, where is Polly?" Tom hastened to inquire, seeing he was alone; "I seed you and her to-night ridin' like the devil to git away from a pack o' Ingins."

"You stood at the margin of the wood where—"

"Yes, what you left the prairie. Where is she?"

"God only knows. She disappeared from her animal's back while we were fleeing through the woods. She rode at my side, and how and when she escaped I am unable to say, for her horse kept right on, all the time, alongside of mine. The darkness prevented my noticing her disappearance until I found myself surrounded by a pack of savages, from whom I narrowly escaped with my own life and the tufted skulls of his adversaries."

Shout after shout pealed in thunderous notes from the iron lungs of old Tom, heralding their triumph.

When he had thus given expression to his feelings, he again seated himself and put the boat in motion, heading, the second time, for Lake Castle.

"You stood at the margin of the wood where—"

"Yes, what you left the prairie. Where is she?"

"By Heaven, that was a lively bit of sport, boys!" was the first remark of Dashing Dick.

"Yes; and had the varlets not so determined on takin' us alive, they might have got our skulps without losin' a man," replied old Tom.

"You think, then," said Harry, "that they wanted to take us alive?"

"Sartinly, I understand Red Falcon has offered a king's ransom for myself, alive and in good condition," replied the trapper; "and them devils at the creek to-night come purty nigh gitlin' me, too,—they would if it hadn't been for Harry."

"And the panther," added the boy hunter.

"Hullo! what does that mean, Trapper Tom?" suddenly exclaimed Dashing Dick, pointing away toward the eastern shore.

He did not finish the sentence. There was a quick rush of moccasin feet. Half a dozen dusky figures glided from the shadows of the woods, rushed down into the water and seized the canoe, while, at the same time, a wild yell thrilled out upon the air.

"Ho, demons are upon us!" roared old Tom, springing to his feet and swinging aloft the heavy oaken paddle; "up and into 'em, boys—lay on with a vim! Our lives depend on our nerves. Ho, thar, ye red hellyon! take that, and that, and—"

Here his voice was drowned in the wild confusion of the battle, that now became terrible.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFLICT.

The forest around Clear Lake became resonant with the din of the conflict. Trapper

hold, permitting the strange canoe to continue adrift. Two minutes' paddling brought the trio to alongside of the landing in front of the Castle door.

A landing was soon effected and the canoe tied up. Then Trapper Tom turned, and, having examined the door to see that it had not been tampered with, he proceeded to unlock and open it. This was all soon accomplished, and Tom entered the Castle, followed by Dick and Harry.

It was dark as pitch within the apartment, but Tom removed the ashes from some coals that he had covered on the hearth, and piling some dry fuel upon them, soon had a cheery fire burning.

As the ruddy light pervaded the room, old Tom glanced carefully around the apartment, to see that every thing was as he left it. Dashing Dick watched every movement of his eyes, and, when the trapper had announced every thing in order, something like an expression of relief passed over the young hunter's face, for the secret of the torch and the sticks must have impressed him with the belief that those five enemies were in the Castle.

"Quite an impregnable fortress, Trapper Tom," said young Herbert, glancing around the room with an eye of admiration.

"It's a poser to the red-skins, Harry," responded Tom, "and because they can't take it, they go off and slander me by sayin' the place is hitna."

"Boys," said Dashing Dick, throwing himself upon a pallet of furs at one side. "I acknowledge the strength of the Castle, and my present security makes me feel like a coward when my mind reverts to the unknown fate of Pauline Winslow."

"Tut! tut!" ejaculated Trapper Tom; "who's here in this crowd that believes Dashiin' Dick, the hunter, to be a coward? Not ole Tom Strothers, by a long shot. That's not a doubt but you are onesay 'bout Polly, but so'm I, and Harry, here, too," and a mischievous smile flitted across the face of the speaker, for he knew his two guests were rivals for the hand of Miss Winslow.

Dick now gave a full account of his and Pauline's adventure from the time they left Prairie View up to the time of their meeting by the lake, and from this Trapper Tom formed an opinion that the maiden had been captured by the savages, and so the three resolved to set out in search for her the following morning.

This matter being settled, the master of the Castle began the preparation of something to eat, for his appetite had been sharpened by a day's fasting and a night's adventures.

Dick stretched himself in an attitude of repose upon the pallet, while Harry seated himself in one corner and in silence watched Tom at his work.

Dick was now afforded the first opportunity of scanning his young rival's features and the peculiar garb he wore. He saw that he was quite youthful in appearance, and his bronzed face bore such a striking resemblance to that of his cousin, Pauline, that the young hunter tried to console himself with the fancied belief that he was in her presence. But the muscular limbs, the swelling chest, the silken mustache and bronzed features of the young man would not admit of this, but impressed him—Dick—more fully with the stern fact that in Harry Herbert he had a formidable rival so far as personal looks were concerned.

Harry became conscious of the gaze fixed upon him by Dashing Dick, and, as if to avert the mesmeric power of his dark gray eyes, he turned slightly on his seat and opened a conversation with Trapper Tom.

Presently he arose and went out onto the platform, closing the door after him.

Tom went on with his work, and, when supper was at last made ready, Harry was still out. The old trapper went to the door and called him.

There was no response.

"Whar can he be?" muttered Tom, and, followed by Dick, he went out to look for him.

To their surprise they found he was nowhere about. He was gone, and the manner of his departure was enshrouded in a mystery to them, for the canoe—the only one about in which they had come over to the Castle still lay exactly where they had left it.

Believing, however, that the young hunter would soon make his appearance, the two went back into the Castle, and, seating themselves at the rude table, partook of their supper in silence.

Half an hour passed by and Harry did not return. Dick finally came to the conclusion that he would go ashore and see if he could find some trace of the missing youth there. Tom was opposed to this, but the young hunter laughed away his objections, and, going out, he sprang into the canoe moored alongside of the platform and pulled out into the lake.

Tom watched him a moment, then, closing the door, he seated himself before the fire and indulged in a train of reflections. He passed over in memory the terrible adventures through which he had passed that night, and, when he remembered by whose hand he had been rescued from a terrible death in the chasm, his spirit became aroused, and it seemed as though he, too, ought to go in search of Harry, who might then be in trouble. But this he could not do now, for Dick had taken away his only canoe. Then he wondered why Harry had gone away, and how, and why Dick manifested such great uneasiness about him. Surely there was something singular about it all.

He at length arose, and crossing the room, threw himself upon his pallet of furs. Here, with his elbow resting upon the couch, and his face upon his palm, he soon sunk into a kind of mental stupor.

His eyes are now fixed upon the sand-floor before him. They are possessed of that vacant light so peculiar to the eye when the mind is growing sluggish with drowsiness, or when the thoughts are far away. His facial muscles relax into an expressionless gravity.

But this inertness lasted only for a minute.

The brows of the trapper suddenly became

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONFLICT.

The forest around Clear Lake became resonant with the din of the conflict. Trapper

Tom, Dashing Dick and Harry Herbert on the one side and the six savages on the other!

The latter made no attempt to slay the whites. Their capture alive seemed to be the sole object of the attack.

Harry Herbert, whipping out a small revolver, opened fire with telling effect, while old Tom stood erect with his heavy paddle, which he used with great skill and success upon the lake, the watchers saw that the light was attached to a canoe which contained no occupant, but which was being carried toward the Castle by the force of the wind.

The latter struggled hard to upset the canoe, hoping thereby to throw the whites off their guard, and while struggling with the waves, gained a bloodless victory. They were armed with short clubs, but the position of our friends and the desperate resistance they made, prevented them from inflicting any serious blows with the cudgels; and in less than two minutes from the beginning of the attack, those of the red-skins that were not killed outright beat a hasty retreat into the woods, leaving the three white men masters of the situation.

Shout after shout pealed in thunderous notes from the iron lungs of old Tom, heralding their triumph.

When he had thus given expression to his feelings, he again seated himself and put the boat in motion, heading, the second time, for Lake Castle.

"You think, then," said Harry, "that they wanted to take us alive?"

"Sartinly, I understand Red Falcon has offered a king's ransom for myself, alive and in good condition," replied the trapper;

"and them devils at the creek to-night come purty nigh gitlin' me, too,—they would if it hadn't been for Harry."

"And the panther," added the boy hunter.

"Hullo! what does that mean, Trapper Tom?" suddenly exclaimed Dashing Dick, pointing away toward the eastern shore.

All eyes were at once turned in the direction indicated, and they saw a dull red light in the timber. It was stationary, but even while pondering over its import, it began moving along the lake-shore toward the north, at a rapid speed, rising and falling as it went, as if borne upon a tossing wave.

arched. The pupil of his eyes dilate, and some great and sudden emotion sends a thrill through his whole frame.

He sees a slight upheaval of the sand near the edge of his couch. He feels a slight movement under him.

Something possessed of life is buried there under the dry sand of the Castle floor!

But, what was it? An animal of that species burrowing in the earth? or was it a savage concealed there?

Both these questions the trapper asked himself, but the latter seemed so absurd that he discarded it from his mind altogether, and rising to his feet he was about to make some investigation as to the first, when a light rap, rap, rap on the Castle door arrested his attention.

CHAPTER VIII. A STARTLING FACT.

THE rap on the Castle door was evidently that of some one who had no hesitancy about demanding admittance; and the natural conclusion of the old trapper was that Dick or Harry, and probably both of them, had returned.

He advanced, and opening the wicket, peered out. He saw that Harry Herbert had returned, and at once admitted him to the Castle.

"Ho, ye runaway!" exclaimed the old trapper, "whar ye been, younker? Se'd any thing o' Dashin' Dick?"

"To your first question I will say that I have been over on the shore, trying to find out something 'bout that mysterious torch, and those five sticks. As to Dick, I have seen nothing of him since I left."

"Wal, how the deuce did you git over to the shore?"

"I found a small canoe drifted alongside of the Castle, when I went out, and in this I reached the shore."

"Did you gain any clue as to the torch and sticks?"

Harry fixed his eyes upon Trapper Tom in a manner that implied great meaning; then leaning forward he said in a whisper:

"I did, Tom."

The old Trapper started. A nervous jerk convulsed his whole frame, and he swept the surrounding walls with a quick glance, as though he half suspected the youth's secret.

"What is it? what did it mean?"

"Just what was first suspected. We are in danger," replied the young hunter, in a whisper.

"Of what?"

"Enemies."

"Indeedy?"

"Yes; we are in danger of five enemies. Four of them are red-skins, and one a white-skin, as the sticks indicated."

"From whom did you learn all this, Harry?"

"From the one who sent the canoe, with the torch and sticks, adrift; from a friend of ours who would not have dared to venture out upon the lake, but knowing we were about to run into danger, hit upon the idea of warning us by means of the torch and the sticks."

"And whar are those enemies?"

In a whisper scarcely audible, the young hunter replied:

"Four of them are within this very castle."

Trapper Tom could scarcely conceal his emotion. His eyes involuntarily sought the ground where, but a few minutes previous, he had seen the sand move, as if by some living creature beneath it.

"They must be there!" whispered Harry, seeing the trapper's downward and significant glance, "for where else could they be?"

"It's impossible for four savages to be buried under the sand in this castle," whispered Tom, "or they'd 'a' left some trace, by which they'd been found out before this. I'll admit it's a trick that none but a red-skin could play. But then, how could they have got in here? The door was securely locked when we came. No; I can't hardly convince myself that four savages are secreted in the ranch of Ole Tom Strothers."

"I hope not, at any rate," replied Harry.

"Ay, ay, lad; for if so, a bloody fight will be the result. But be ready for the wurst, Harry. I'll fight to the death afore I give up Lake Cashe."

"I will stand by you to the last, Tom," replied Harry.

"That's the music and pluck, my boy; but see here; who is that white enemy, and whar is he?"

Before Harry could answer, there came another sharp rapping on the Castle door, cutting short their conversation.

Tom opened the wicket and saw that Dashing Dick had made his appearance again, and so he answered his summons by opening the door and admitting him at once.

"Ah, the truant has beat me back!" he exclaimed, in a jocular tone, when he caught sight of Harry.

"Yes; he's been here some time," replied Tom, in a whisper; "but, Dick, did you make any dis-kiyvers while you were away?"

"I did," replied Dick, glancing at Herbert— who had turned away—with an expression that puzzled the old trapper to understand; "there is something wrong, Tom, and—" here his voice fell still lower; "there is a traitor dogging our footsteps."

Trapper Tom was astounded. There was something in Dick's last words, and the glance he had given Harry, that he knew at once were to be connected. If so, Harry Herbert was the traitor. But could such a thing be possible?

Old Tom asked himself the question a number of times, for he was loth to believe it. Then he began to reflect over Harry's past conduct of that evening. He could find nothing suspicious, but his leaving the Castle without making the fact known. But Harry had told such a straightforward story about his leaving, and his discovery, that the trapper still couldn't believe he was a traitor.

Turning, he went out onto the platform, motioning Dick to follow him. Harry remained in the Castle.

"Now, Dick, tell me," said Tom, "what it was you see'd while ashore."

"The first I saw on landing," said Dick, glancing warily and uneasily about him, "was a canoe put out from shore, and head directly for this point. There were four occupants in it, and whether they were humans in disguise or friends in the form of beasts, I can not say."

At that juncture a curious light kindled in Trapper Tom's eyes, and a strange expression swept over his bearded features. But his head being slightly turned, Dick failed to observe the emotions his words had aroused.

"Why, how did they look, Dick? What war they?" he asked.

"They were all different," replied Dick; "that is, no two were alike. One resembled a huge black bear—the head and feet and all were there, natural as life itself. Another resembled a mountain lion, and a fierce-looking creature it was. Another resembled a panther, and the fourth one a wolf. All sat upright, the bear handling the paddle, which led me to believe they were persons disguised in the skins of those different animals. But, be that as it may,

I will swear it was the most ferocious-looking crew I ever saw, and the moonbeams falling upon them lent an additional terror to their fiend-like appearance."

"Whew!" ejaculated Tom, "I should think so; but, what became of the critters?"

"There now, you are coming to the point, Trapper Tom. As I said before, those four fiends were headed directly toward this point. I kept a close watch upon their movements. They approached the Castle with great caution, and, as I supposed, they were going to make an attack upon it. They ran up to the east wall, then crept around toward the west side until the building concealed them from view. I waited for them to appear in sight again, but I waited in vain. I saw nothing of them after they put the Castle between themselves and me. I supposed they paddled out for the shore, finding the Castle impregnable, and kept the building between us, and yet it seems impossible for them to have done so. However, I jumped into my canoe and pulled hard for this point, and for fear those four demons might be concealed under the shadows of the wall watching an opportunity to strike, I made the circuit of the Castle before approaching it. But not a demon did I see, Trapper Tom. They had vanished, canoe and all, as though your Castle had been a monster and swallowed them up. I will be shot if their disappearance isn't clothed in a bit of mystery to me, and I—"

Further conversation was here interrupted by a slight, unnatural sound within the Castle. The two bent their heads and listened. Something was going wrong inside, and they hurried into the apartment. To their horror and surprise, they found themselves, on gaining the interior, face to face with four powerful savage warriors, who in the dim light of the fire on the hearth, appeared like the demons of hideousness. Behind them lay Harry Herbert bound hand and foot, with a bandage over his mouth. All around in the yielding sand were marks where a violent yet silent struggle had ensued between the young hunter and the four savages, unknown to Trapper Tom and Dashing Dick.

Trapper Tom was dumbfounded by the presence of the savages, and for a moment he stood like a statue of stone, his eyes fixed upon them. But, this lasted only for a moment. A look of scorn and indignation mounted his face, and his whole powerful frame became convulsed with a fury and strength that were gathering for the coming storm.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 175.)

Stealing a Heart: or, THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMANS," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OFFERING.

As Myrtle remained silent, Yost spoke again.

"You may judge, in part, of your astonishment at finding you under such circumstances," he said.

"True—true," returned Myrtle, half absently, without meeting his glance; "I know it must seem singular to you; but to me—" she hesitated; a scarce-perceptible shudder accompanied the speech.

There was more torture in Myrtle's brain at that instant than another could dream of. A picture of the old, old time rose before her; her heart was aching in a yearning memory of the past—aching under the stern realisms of her changed existence.

"So inopportune, too!" he went on. "Your sister, Cora?"

"Sister Cora!"—another start; the pale face became whiter.

"Yes; she disappeared as mysteriously as you did. But she went during the night. So there was really none to look after the arrangements for the funeral."

"The funeral?" The words were repeated quickly.

"Yes; your grandmother, you know, and Mr. Gowen—"

"My grandmother! What do you mean?"

Myrtle looked at him now; the large blue eyes were turned upon him in a glance of questioning wonder.

He was somewhat embarrassed.

"Ah, yes, I remember; you went away during the afternoon. But did you not hear at all of your grandmother's death?"

"Grandma dead! Mr. Yost!—no, I never heard. Oh! is it true? Is she dead?"

Henry Yost was very much surprised when he learned that Myrtle had been in utter ignorance of the fact of her grandmother's death.

Her exclamation produced a renewal of his embarrassment, and for several seconds he could only return the wild, amazed stare of the great blue eyes in silence.

"Really, Miss St. Sylvain?"

"Can it be possible?" she interrupted. "Is she dead, Mr. Yost?"

"I ought not to have announced it so incalculably," he said, as if to apologize for having caused the pain which he saw depicted in Myrtle's face. "Yes, she is dead."

"Grandma dead! Mr. Yost!—no, I never heard. Oh! is it true? Is she dead?"

Henry Yost was very much surprised when he learned that Myrtle had been in utter ignorance of the fact of her grandmother's death.

Her exclamation produced a renewal of his embarrassment, and for several seconds he could only return the wild, amazed stare of the great blue eyes in silence.

"How sudden it must have been!" Myrtle was striving hard to be calm.

"Well, yes—very. It was hemorrhage, I believe. She was stricken almost to death at the first. But, she called for you, earnestly."

"Called for me?" Wider grew the staring eyes; her body leaned forward, and she breathed fast.

"I was not in the room when she died; but, I understand that the last word of her lips was the uttering of your name. But, there! every thing I add is only wounding you deeper—"

"No, no; I want to hear. It is the first I have known of it."

"And I marvel at your not knowing it before—"

"I have not had communication with any relative since leaving Myrtleworth, so how could I?—and it—I—" Quicker beaved her bosom, the sentence was unfinished in a tight compression of the lips; she was struggling with all the iron of her nature to keep back the threatening outburst of her emotion.

But the effort was too severe. Slowly, a glistening tear started from the trembling lid and coursed hotly down her cheek—then the fair head drooped to her hands, and she sobbed aloud.

"Poor grandma!" she murmured, with a choking breath; "she was the only true friend I had in the world. And I loved her—oh! so dearly."

If the life led by the young gambler had hardened his soul, he was moved, in this moment, by the great influence of woman's tears. He turned uneasily in his seat; he gazed upon her strangely, and his heart pulsed in a fervor of sympathy.

"They were all different," replied Dick; "that is, no two were alike. One resembled a huge black bear—the head and feet and all were there, natural as life itself. Another resembled a mountain lion, and a fierce-looking creature it was. Another resembled a panther, and the fourth one a wolf. All sat upright, the bear handling the paddle, which led me to believe they were persons disguised in the skins of those different animals. But, be that as it may,

The sight of this beautiful girl, weeping in her grief, affected him deeply.

Presently he started from his seat and advanced to her side. Leaning with one hand on the back of her chair, he said, in a hushed tone:

"Miss St. Sylvain, you wrong me when you say you had no friend but your grandmother. There is one other who became your friend from the first hour of his meeting with you. When he saw you, it was to yield to that instant admiration which man ever holds for a woman of heart and culture. He is now near you. He offers condolence in this unexpected sadness—he would strive to win the favor of your smiles, by proving himself sincere. It is I. Can I comfort you? Will you let me be your friend?"

Whatever may have been Yost's failings, he spoke from the depths of his heart—a modern sinner bending in worship at the shrine of pure, sorrowing woman.

"You are kind, Mr. Yost," sobbed Myrtle.

"Do not feel yourself so utterly lone under the trial. I will do my best to balm away your pain. All I ask is, that you will think well of me. I, too, am without friends—without kindred. My life is one continuous strain, a succession of dangerous ordeals, that make me sigh for one faithful companion. I live wild and reckless; wherever I go I meet all as enemies. I have no confidants, not even an associate who is constant. Then, would it not be sweet to me to have your friendship—to feel that one so good and pure does care little for poor Harry Yost—the gambler?"

"The gambler!" echoed Myrtle, half-shuddering.

"Yes," he said, and his voice sunk to a low tremulousness, "Harry Yost, the gambler. I lead a wretched life; but, I grew up without fortune, or trade, or profession—ambition to dress well and live easy, brought me to this level, and it is my only support. But, how ever bad, however vile the stigma attached to my role, I know how honest a man may be, and my character is not all welded in bands of copper. Perhaps you will spurn my society now."

"No," said Myrtle, very lowly; but that was all.

Myrtle—let me call you by that name? Would you take me from such a life? You can do it. You, too, make me very happy. Myrtle—and the words were scarcely more than a whisper—"could you love me, and let me take you under my protection, into the care of my affection? I love you. If I dared hope that you would reciprocate this, I would renounce forever my present associations."

Myrtle quickly wiped away her tears, and arose.

"Mr. Yost, I believe you speak sincerely"—(he took the hand which she extended to him and gazed, like one fascinated, into the large blue eyes). "Whatever you may be, I don't care. I shall be glad to retain your friendship; but, do not mention more than that to me again. I do not deserve that any one should care for me. I am nothing—nobody. Do not tell me that you love me; it sounds like mockery."

"No—no," she murmured, "it can not be. I must not encourage him to believe that I may, sometime, marry him. I am not fit—I am not fit! Yet, it would make him happy. He loves me; he is waiting patiently for me to give him hope. Ere it is too late, we must separate. I can not be an image of stone, and keep his heart as it now is, at my feet! For my welfare and his, let me leave him forever. Once I loved Richard Wayn—" and her voice sank, and her head drooped slowly in that sudden memory of a past dream. "Once I thought I could be his. But, long ago, I crushed that mad hope from my bosom. Richard Wayn—Richard Wayn—where is he now? Ah! how I used to joy in his promise of return. Let me see—yes—two years," he said; but they have gone by. Perhaps he is happy in some other love; he has forgotten me. In my trials, Harry has come to me, offering to call often?"

"Come when you choose, Mr. Yost."

"Thank you."

Bowing over the hand which he held and pressed, he left her.

When the door closed after him, Myrtle sunk back into her chair and cried bitterly; first owing to the woe caused by the intelligence of her grandmother's death, and second, because of tortuous thoughts that were roused within her by the words of Henry Yost.

She introduced Yost to them; and, in a few moments they withdrew, leaving our couple alone.

riage until the close of the war? He has enough money, without needing to wait to recover his estates in Virginia. Only a whim, perhaps. Well, I dare not press him too much; I can be patient; though I will have to be keenly on the alert, since this unexpected appearance of Myrtle. How came she here? I wish she was anywhere else than in Washington!

Some one passing along the hallway recalled her mind to her surroundings.

With a start and a quick glance about to see if there could be a listener to her thoughts, she hastened up to her room.

Richard Wayn left the hotel and took his way down Pennsylvania avenue, in an unsetting frame of mind.

The city upon every side was mournful, in the agony of the hour.

The wall of a horrified people seemed to murmur through the solemn atmosphere; and the wires of telegraph were flashing over the whole country the news of the atrocious crime which robbed a nation of its official head—where had centered the profoundest respect, veneration, hope, and universal good-will of millions of hearts.

Like afeat of magic, Washington was encircled by military guards—cavalry and infantry—pickets on the watch for him who had by his dastardly deed proclaimed himself the foe of both the North and South; and detectives, on horse and foot, were scouring in every direction, working with the stern ardor of men far more than merely shocked or angry.

But quick as had been the distribution of the soldiery, active as were the sleuth-hounds of an avenging law, the daring assassin slipped between the network set for his capture, and the hoofs of the horse that bore him thundered across the bridge to Anacostia—the fleeing murderer dashed through lone and sleepy Uniontown, on, on, with the speed of the wind, into the spectral roads of the country beyond!

Richard Wayn paid little heed to the excitement prevailing. He walked slowly on; and he was thinking of the pale, pain-molded face he had seen at the theater—thinking of Myrtle, and the time of his early love.

He was uneasy in his very soul; he felt the sharp sting of a rebuking conscience, as he recalled the day when he had promised both himself and Myrtle, to return and wed her at the expiration of two years.

And we see that Cora St. Sylvain had succeeded but too well in her scheme to win the troth-allegiance of Richard Wayn.

She had met him in Philadelphia, and immediately set to work with all the artfulness of a designing woman to accomplish the ambition of her unbridled passions.

Leading him gradually but sure from the first firm integrity of principle, Cora ultimately attained the triumph of her desires; brought the fascinated man to an ardent avowal of affection, and accepted his proposal of marriage.

The wedding was to be deferred, however, until the country should relapse into the calm quiet of peace, when he would be able to recover the most valuable of his property in Virginia.

Richard did not sleep well when he retired on that eventful night. All he could do or strive, slumber would not come to his eyelids.

There was a strange heat and throbbing in his brain; and toward daylight—in the flushed hour and solemn darkness—his lips murmured:

"Did Cora speak the truth when she told me Myrtle was married?" Followed by a deep sigh, and:

"Well, if it is so, I hope she is happy. If she is not a wife, and Cora has spoken falsely—even then it would be useless for me to return to her. I am unworthy of her love after acting as I have. I almost wish that Cora had never lived—or that I had never seen her!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

Bookworm and Butterfly.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"ANY thing in the way of flirtations here, Beth?"

Beth Lonsdale took her snowy hands from the bread she was kneading and opened two hazel eyes in surprise.

"Why, Nan, surely you wouldn't do such a thing?"

"Surely I would, then, Miss Innocence. Come, name over the eligibles and I'll prepare for conquest."

"There is the Rev. Mr. Bliss."

"Ugh, I detest ministers!"

"Then, there's the Professor."

"Worse and worse. I hate literary men!"

"Well, there's John."

"Oh, I'd only have to confess to an ignominious defeat. We all know John's heart is impregnate since somebody has taken possession."

Beth's rosy face left one in no doubt as to who that somebody was.

"Literally all?" inquired Nan, laconically.

"Literally all. I'm afraid you'll have to give up want of victims."

Nan dropped herworsted work, yawned, and, walking to the little vine-covered window, stood gazing down the dusty village street. What she saw caused her to rush back to Beth with flushed face.

"Oh, Beth, you little fraud! Why, a perfect Adonis has just passed, so handsome and stylish! Who in the name of all that's enchanting is he?"

"Can you give a little more accurate description? I fail to recognize your hero."

"As if Lakeview or any other place could contain two such perfect specimens of the *genus homo*! A face and form where every god hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man! He will be coming back soon, Beth, dear, and do wash off that horrid dough and come out for a game of croquet. Do, that's a darling!"

So Beth, half-smothered with hugs and kisses, consented against her better judgment, and willful Nan had her way, as she generally did.

And so it happened, naturally enough, that when Alfred Lascar passed the cottage gate again he stopped at sight of Nan's flushed, bewitching face, and lifted his hat with profound respect to Miss Beth, whom he had often pronounced a country dowdy, and who until now had never been claimed as more than a distant acquaintance of the haughty Lascars, the *creme de la creme* of Lake View society.

"Croquet is recovering all its old charms, Miss Lonsdale, when such lovely ladies deign to amuse themselves with it. I feel as the man must who was always having a peep at other men's flower-gardens during his solitary peregrinations. A glimpse of paradise over this gate, and yet I dare not enter without the permission of the guardian angel!"

He bowed again profoundly to Beth, but shot an admiring glance into Nan's gray eyes as he spoke.

"Croquet is very tame no doubt to you *blase* men after fast horses and billiards; but, if you would join our game, we should be most happy," fibbed Beth, a trifle stiffly, in answer to Nan's beseeching glance.

"Thanks, dear Miss Lonsdale," and he was over the gate before Beth could advance to unlatch it.

"Nannette, Mr. Lascar. Mr. Lascar, Miss Gerard."

Mr. Lascar professed himself delighted and begged for the pleasure of a game with Miss Gerard, which the young lady granted with many smiles, dimples and dangerously sweet glances. Poor unsophisticated little Beth looked on in surprise as pretty society complimentments and glances flew about with greater velocity than the balls. She was not sorry when two figures left the college opposite and crossed over to their gate.

"Ah, Professor, are your duties over? Come in, won't you?" Then to the other gentleman: " Didn't think you could come so early, John. No doubt your prophetic soul told you what a welcome addition you would be to our game."

"The game that two can play at?" inquired John, with a roguish, significant glance at Lascar and Nan.

"Oh, any number are permitted to join!"

Nan took time from her flirtation to dart a glance at the Professor. That gentleman was bending nearly double in the road, regarding a small bug with an interest disproportioned to the cause perhaps.

"Professor, your ball is waiting to be put in motion."

" Eh, what? Oh, to be sure. Excuse me, Miss Lonsdale, I beg of you. I must take this curious specimen and add to my collection. *Venantes tubicolae*. Odd I never met with it before."

He captured the ugly thing in his handkerchief and hurried breathlessly across the street without further adieux.

"What a boor," sneered Nan. " Is that erratic gentleman a specimen of the geniuses of Lake View?"

"Oh, he's no kind of a fellow," drawled Lascar. " Don't trust yourself to his tender mercies, I beg of you, Miss Gerard. Why, it's reported among the boys, and it's actually a fact, that he took a young lady riding last winter, left her for a few moments, and came across an aerolite near the hotel. Instantly a divine madness seized him. He forgot all about the lady, clasped the rock to his bosom, and drove home minus the fair one. He rushed into college with flying hair and staring eyes, deposited his treasure on the library floor with many injunctions to us boys to keep hands off, commenced a learned discussion with Prof. Beck on astronomy, and then memory resumed 'her sway in his distracted globe.' He suddenly clapped his hands to his head, and, with a wild: 'By George, I've left her!' was off like a flash. When he reached the hotel the lady was waiting patiently about (*a la Mary's* little lamb), and he trumped up some story that satisfied her no doubt. But the joke was too good to keep, and it leaked out. The lady has since turned her smile in another quarter."

Nan laughed at this episode, declared she detested musty old bookworms, and during the week which followed forgot all about the Professor and his oddities.

A week later, during a ramble in the woods he was forced upon her notice, or rather she herself upon his.

She had been gathering a bouquet of wild flowers, and was preparing to turn homeward when some trailing arbutus, hanging far down on the rocks below, attracted her attention. Willful in this as in all else, Nan declared to herself that she must have them, and prepared accordingly for descent. She stepped cautiously downward, keeping hold of some bushes, when a voice above cried out:

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Gerard, be careful!"

Then her foot slipped, the bushes gave way, and after a dreadful sensation of going down, down, she knew no more.

When she awoke to consciousness her head was upon the Professor's knee, and the Professor was bathing her forehead with his large handkerchief.

She raised herself, a trifle indignant; sat up, and then tried to stand up, but found her foot limp and helpless, and fell to the ground again with a cry of pain.

"I want to go home," sobbed Nan, like a spoiled child, "and I can't. What shall I do?" Then, with a sudden change from fretfulness to indignation:

"Heavens! Where did these horrid beetles come from? Oh, take them off! Take them off, I say!"

The Professor smiled; but, seeing her terror was not assumed, looked really distressed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Nannette, I forgot all about the beetles! Now I remember it did them up in my handkerchief, but I was so afraid you'd never recover that I ran for water, took the first thing that came to hand, and the horrid things slipped my memory." Then, with a sigh that touched Nan's really good heart:

"I never can please ladies, Miss Nannette; I don't know how. I always blunder and make them hate me. But, if you will be kind enough to express your wishes I will be happy to put myself under your command for a few hours."

"Only for a few hours?" laughed Nan, with a coquettish, upward glance. " Her old love of flirting was not crushed with her foot."

"For all time if you wish it," answered her companion, with a glance of unusual ardor.

"I would only prove a nuisance instead of a protector through such a life journey as you will take. Will those pinions of yours ever tire, child? Will your gilded wings ever be soiled with the dust and sorrows of our workaday world?"

"I never express my pinions," answered Nan, with a miserable attempt at a pun. Then, catching a mischievous gleam in his usually grave eyes:

"Now you're laughing at me for my folly, and are thinking, no doubt, what a ridiculous object I make in my soiled ruffles and wet dress. You look down upon me from the Olympus heights of your learning, but I am happy just as I am. I haven't a thought above flirtations and ruffles, and delight in all the follies of the age. People of brains may read all their days if they like, but I delight to run out, romp around, pick flowers and ride horseback. Why, it would spoil all the fun if I had to pull all these spring beauties apart, give them all hideous Latin names, and press their poor little lives out in some herbarium. Then I think it's cruel to kill bugs. God made them, and their little lives are of as much value to them as ours are to us. I never hate you so much as when I see you stick a pin through some beautiful insect."

She ended her tirade, flushed and breathless, and sat regarding him half-defiantly.

"You plead their case well, Nannette, but it is in the cause of science; I would not needlessly hurt them. You have so much pity for the smallest bug, why have you none for the victims of a larger growth than daily slaughter?

You pin their hearts to your toilet cushion and laugh over their sufferings. Are human butterflies made destitute of feeling?"

"You are getting obscure, Professor, and I can't follow. Our discussion on entomology would only be a one-sided affair, and I don't feel in the mood to be taught this morning. The question now is, how shall I get home? The butterfly's wings are broken and we must think of some way of carrying her."

The Professor looked grave, listened a few moments, then ran up the cliff toward the doorway.

"Oh, Miss Gerard, you here, building chateau-

In a short time he returned, accompanied by Mr. Lascar.

"The most fortunate thing in the world," hisped the young gentleman. " Fate is getting too kind. Just happened to be driving home when the Professor halted me to come to the rescue of youth and beauty. How can I ever repay him for the kindness? Permit me, Miss Gerard."

And before Nan knew what they were about, they had half-lifted, half-carried her up the rocks to Mr. Lascar's carriage. The Professor tucked the robes about her, hoped to see her again soon, and lifted his hat as they drove off.

"I came along," laughed Lascar. " If that old maff had caught sight of a curious specimen during your dialogue, you chances of rescue would have been over."

"I think you misjudge the gentleman," faltered Nan. " Somehow she could not join in a laugh against him, just then.

Perhaps he found you such an interesting study that he forgot his bugs for once," snapped her companion, with a jealous, sneering look in his black eyes. " I see he has found one fair champion; forgive me if I have offended."

Nan, too weary to quarrel, lay back in the cushions with closed eyes, and vowedshe had no reply. There was something in her attitude, graceful and dependent, that stirred a new chord in Lascar's well-worn heart. Before she could realize it he had declared his love and begged for a return.

Visions of wealth and splendor flitted before Nan's eyes. What a position his wife would hold in the world of fashion! What a fine thing to rule as one of the queens of society! But, did she love this man?

They had reached Beth's gate, and Nannette had just time to whisper "yes," when Beth herself flew out at the unusual sight of Nan in Mr. Lascar's carriage.

Nan felt his kiss upon her cheek, watched him drive off as one in a dream, then gave herself up to his petting and nursing.

That evening the Professor called and found Nan in white wrapper playing the interesting role of invalid. She was more capricious than ever, but all her stinging darts seemed to fall harmless from the Professor's coat of mail.

"Why don't you take one of those dear little cottages opposite, Professor?" asked Beth, with a mischievous laugh.

"Now, Miss Beth, that's too bad. You know only the Beneficiaries of the Faculty are permitted those abodes of bliss. We poor bachelors must content ourselves with uncomfortable boxes of attic rooms. I've often thought how happy the occupants of those dear little houses must be. But, what young lady of these days would settle down to them when fine young fellows with brown-stone mansions are so plenty?"

Beth answered John's inquiring glance with as loving a one, which said as plainly as words that one little woman would never weigh love in the same scale with a brown-stone mansion.

Poor, self-torturing Nan saw the loving glance of perfect confidence, and it roused her to an angry feeling against them all. Did they know that she had sold herself for gold that they kept harping on such sentimental trash as love and a pretty chin?

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publish and that readers will delight to read and

reread.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The Nokomis *Gazette* makes a proper suggestion when it advises, in regard to obtaining certain stories in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, that readers should give their orders to their newsdealer to save them a copy regularly, or the paper. As newsdealers are apt to sell out, and usually order very close to their sales, the call for a few extra copies sometimes exhausts their supply before regular readers can call for their paper. It is well, therefore, to give a definite order beforehand, to your dealer, and thus have him retain your copy for you.

The new postal law forbidding us longer to receive our exchanges free of postage compels us to overhaul the exchange list, which it has been a great pleasure to us to serve, for several years past. A paper like the SATURDAY JOURNAL, of course can make no use of exchanges, as it has no "scissoring" to do—its matter all being original. The exchange, therefore, was given for fellowship's sake, but must now be discontinued for reasons apparent to our friends of the press. The law suppressing the *free* passage of any mail matter is so good in its general effect that we can not grumble at the provision cutting off "exchanges," and we think the country press generally, that now finds the order rather annoying, will approve of the principle involved.

We are almost daily amused at the tribulations of those impracticable and short-sighted people who see no good in any kind of literature but that which is "serious." Nothing that is fictitious pleases them. A "story" is something frightful—a novel something abominable. And yet, when you mention *Aesop's Fables*, *Christ's Parables*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Sunday-school Tales*, they say: "Oh, they are proper enough because they are good." Now, however, we are told that they are not all good—that much of the Sunday-school literature is fiction, and "sensational" at that! The *Sunday-school Workman*, for instance, arraigns their book list thus:

"One characteristic of the novel is a *telling* title—for instance, something like the following: 'The Three Bugs of Gold,' 'The Emerald Necklace,' 'The Diamond Brooch,' 'The Gold Hunters,' 'Chip, the Cave Child,' 'Tim, the Scissors-grinder,' 'The Red-Cross Knight,' 'The Frontier Angel,' 'Slim Jack, the Circus Boy,' 'Leonard, the Lion Heart,' 'Laughing Eyes,' and 'Tom Tracy of Brier Hill.'

Are these the names of novels, or of Sunday-school books? Six of them are taken from late catalogues of books for Sunday-school libraries, and six from the catalogue of "Beadle's Dime Novels," and unless you are very familiar with one or the other of these lists, I defy you to tell me which is library book."

The Dime Novel readers will readily pick out from this list the secular and unseemly or professedly moral. Out of the entire Dime Novel list of three hundred books you will find no such titles or stories as "Slim Jack, the Circus Boy," and "Tim, the Scissors-grinder." The Dime Novels aim at something better than exhibitions of low life; and we think the *Workman* is doing a rather cruel thing in showing up this discrepancy.

The writer in the *Workman* gives us the following information as the result of his experiences and examinations in the matter of Sunday-school Libraries:

"Of the lists of the Sunday-school Union, about one-half are fictitious stories. Of the publications of the Carriers, more than three-fourths are of the same unreal character. The plots of many of these vivacious tales are of the most approved modern pattern. There is the invincible good boy or girl, who is persecuted without mercy, and with great apparent success, by the villain of the story, in the person of a very bad boy indeed. The good boy is a pattern of unmitigated virtue; of course he is a specimen of unmixed vice."

Now, the oldness of a story does not necessarily

the end, poetic justice is respected, and virtue triumphs; and, lately, a fresh element is added to the plot, which owes its origin to the fact that there are no longer any boys or girls; and that is, the hero or heroine is happily married in the last chapter, and settled for life in a comfortable home, with from one to six children, more virtuous than their parents."

After this exhibit we much fear that those well-meaning censors who heartily disapprove of Dime NOVELS, and the story papers generally, will have to overhaul their Proscribed List and include the books of the Carriers and of the Sunday-school Union; or, failing to do this, must, in consistency, give the Dime NOVELS the precedence, to which, as stories, they certainly are entitled.

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reread.

Woman's World.

Home no longer Home for Americans.—The Summer Insanity.—The Loggerhead Family.—Summer Manners and Winter Morals.

HOMER that sweetest word in the English language—that peculiarly English word, in all its significance—bids fair to become an almost meaningless term to a large class of Americans. We multiply conveniences, comforts, and arts, for living, but it appears that we are inclined to make them subservient more to our social than our domestic wants. And yet, in its best sense, we do not have *society*; at least, not in the olden acceptance of the term, when society was the off-shoot of home influences. Society now means, to most Americans of good circumstances, a round of parties, balls, dinners, and dissipations of various kinds, during the winter months, when people reside in their town houses; and a summer of equally exciting and exhausting pleasures at the summer resorts, the watering-places, or the tour of Europe.

With many of smaller means, who can not afford the round of winter entertainments, there is an endurance, worthy of a better cause, of every kind of petty parsimony, and uncalled-for miserly self-denial, for nine months of the year, for the special purpose of this summer dissipation.

To speak what seems to me to be an incontestable fact, the majority of American women, in our great cities and small, live only for display, and the gratification of their vanity, and a petty ambition to cut a dash in the world.

The sacrifice of dignity and common sense on the part of some of our *parvenus*, to make this annual summer display, is laughable, and mean to a degree. I know a wealthy man, with two handsome daughters. They are worth a million. They know of but one use for money—to make a vulgar display. They are so parsimonious in some things that they will not keep house; they do not even own a dwelling; they board, occupying suites of gaudily-furnished rooms, in a not very fashionable street. They *cheapen* every thing they buy, or bargain for; as they take two floors, in their boarding-house, the landlady bears any amount of meanness and fault-finding to retain them. They keep two carriages, and the father drives a four-in-hand team. They keep four extra riding horses, and are seen in the Park riding or driving at all hours of the day, from five in the morning till five in the afternoon. To see their names in the Daily Blazer, or Society Bulletin, among the riders in the Park, or drives on the Bloomingdale Road, or Harlem Lane, is the height of their ambition. They spend their money freely for opera boxes, and dress in flashy silks, laces and diamonds; the father is the backer and actual owner of three well-known pawnbrokers' establishments, in different parts of the city. He goes to those offices every day, and although his name is never seen on the door, or in their advertisements, it is no secret that he makes, and has made, most of his money in that way. He owns, also, stock in various railroad and banking companies; he speculate in stocks, bonds, and real estate.

This family never entertain. They live so incessantly in the pursuit of their pleasure and vanity, they do not care for a home. They go to Europe every year, or to some fashionable watering-place, where they astonish the crowds with their flashy splendor. I said they had no friends; they have a number of servile parasites, who indorse every thing they say and do. Not one in a thousand of the gaping crowds who stare at the vulgar display of these people are aware of the fact that the diamonds they wear are *pawnbrokers' unclaimed pledges*. The father frequently decoys some unwary, green reporter

them into the machine; when they are all in, the door closes and the machine begins to move and in twenty minutes every one of those fleas is a dead man. This machine was invented out in Indiana, and the inventor has accumulated a fortune.

Then, near by is a complex machine for taking the bark off of dogs; and another noble piece of machinery is a sheet-iron dog which you wind up and place under your neighbor's bedroom window, and as it has a howling capacity of fourteen dogs, it is a success; no matter how much your neighbor may shoot at it, it never loses a hair or a note. No household should be without a couple of them!

What has attracted the attention and admiration of scientific men here is a complete india-rubber suit for geese, which will keep them perfectly dry in the wettest weather. It was invented by a thoughtful farmer in New Jersey who had a good deal of leisure on his mind, and who, owning one thousand shares of Erie stock, was led to study how to keep the geese from being swamped when stock was watered.

Here is a very superb and elaborate machine, which does credit to the genius of invention and turns out twenty bushels of wooden cucumber-seeds a day, and they are so perfect that nine out of ten of them, if planted in good soil, will grow, and bear fruit—a very little woody.

A wagon-load of pumpkins from Vermont attracts great crowds of European visitors, who think they are American oranges, and seem astonished at the size of the fruit.

Here we have a small piece of the Niagara Falls in a glass case, with some of the spray in a sealed bottle.

Here we see the most magnificent display of woolen knit-work in the Exhibition, which has received the premium over all European competitors—a pair of knit socks, but slightly worn, with holes elaborately and skillfully worked in them. These hail from Tennessee, and occupy a very large part of the department.

Probably one of the most attractive features of American industrials on exhibition, attracting immense crowds, including royal families, is the *Ornament of Society*. This gentleman's physician ordered him to the country this summer, to some inland village or quiet farm-house, away from the bustle of the city and where he would not be exposed to salt air and sea breezes. A friend found a delightful retreat for him and his wife and daughter, up among the Berkshire Hills, in the family of a gentleman of ample means, who could afford to entertain them in a really elegant style. The rides and drives in the neighborhood were charming, and the country gentleman had teams and carriages, which he was willing to put at the disposal of the invalid and his family.

They could be promised only a limited amount of society, but that could be of the best. Now, when the wife and daughter of this refined and cultivated invalid, this good, tender and kind husband and father, reached their retreat among the Berkshire Hills, do you think they could be, no home where there is no heart. In the chase of the unsatisfactory thing called "society" how many American women are sacrificing every home joy and all domestic happiness!

THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

THE WEEPING WELL.

An Indian Legend.

BY HAP HAZARD.

A placid pool, in whose translucent deep,
A quiet bristling wood and mountain steep
Are nestled, with a red and furrowed
Sunset-tinted clouds, hanging high in the air.
A mirror, Nature's own, so fragrant fair!
It seems the window of another world,
'Tis set in emerald banks of velvet moss,
With flowers, nodding in the passing breeze;
And over all, the verdure-mantled trees.
Its ~~feet~~ immured beneath the limpid tide,
Is head uplifted in defiant pride,
A cliff, aspiring to a giddy height,
With brow of granite fronts the Gate of Night;
And its deep bosom, as tempestuous below,
Drip crystal drops into the pool, below.
This is the spot and this the tale they tell
Who keep the memory of the WEEPING WELL:
'Twas years ago, when the primeval wood
By lone of Nature's hand was ruled o'er,
A maiden, fair, and unloved, was born,
And tattered, beside the voiceless shore
Of that still pool, and o'er the brink she bent,
With fluttering sighs and sobs and look intent;
And thus the maiden, rocking to and fro,
Voiced her sad plaint, in accents piteous low:

"We were twin daughters of a sire
With arm of steel and heart of fire;
And who would dare to brave his ire,
Ne-mo-na?

"Thy step was light as the gazelle's,
Thy heart, the birdlings in the dell's,
Thine eyes' clear depths the sister wells,
Ne-mo-na!

"And as the mazie's silken floss
Was thy long hair, in thread and gloss,
And thy soft as silver moss,
Ne-mo-na!

"And Iseone as the nodding rush,
Thy form, with youthful vigor fresh;
Thy voice was uttered by the thrush
From out his covert in the bush,
Ne-mo-na!

"Thy praises far and near were heard,
Yet none could lure the Humming Bird
His neck with fond zone to gird,
Ne-mo-na!

"Though warriors told their triumphs o'er,
And brought the trophies won in war,
To lay them down thy feet before,
Ne-mo-na!

"But there came from o'er the sea;
An old man, with sunburnt skin and
Foot of wind and eye that flushed
As hotly on the chase he dashed,

In quest of fox or starved game,

As when the wrathful Manitou
With glancing bolts of lurid flame

The sunbeams through the trees the blue;

And as the sun's warm rays divide

The somber clouds on either side,

So broke upon his lowering brow,

That struck wild terror to the foe,

A sun of fire, a god of gore,

When at thy feet with honeyed word

He sought thy shily-given caress,

And called thee, oft, his Humming Bird.

"Methinks I see again the glow—

That breaking dawn of holy joy—

Diffuse its radiance round thy bower,

With all thy young favor and grace,

To meet the lover's warm embrace,

How droops the lash upon thy cheek,

Where blushes play at hide and seek,

As it would fit the ecstasy

That glows in thine averted eye!

And when the sunbeams play at hide and seek,

So fitful gusts of fluttering sighs

Disturb thy bosom's rounded swell,

"Oh! that so black a night should fall

Upon such cloudless day!

And, with impenetrable pall,

It folds relentless shrouding all,

Should swallow up each ray!

"The Serpent from his covert low,
Did the Bird with wingsless wing,
And in his bower sprung on a sleep,

Such as might feel so vile a thing.

"Now, to her sire's ledge does he repair,
And lays before him presents rich and rare;

His triumphs vaunts in battle o'er the foe,

His skill with tomahawk and knife and bow;

Displays his tufted trophies and the troph,

That shows him as its chief—a motley group!

—And shows his breast, all seamed with gash and gash,

While no dishonor blemishes his back;

And ending, says: 'Twere meet that such a one

As is the Bear should smile on such a son.'

"The Bear thus makes reply: 'All honor go
To one who dares thus bold to meet the foe.'

The Bear his budge's welcome will extend

To his bower, and make a feast

But more than this may never be—although

The Bear consent, the Manitou saith—No.

For where the salt lake traileath at morn

And gives the sun a golden sleeping earth—

A god of fire the water bore.

From mighty chieftains took the Wind his birth,

And, roaming distant o'er the boundless lake,

Espied a ledge, and sought his thirst to slake,

And again his strength in food and rest:

Then did the Wind his birth, as he was born,

As speeds the hurricane in wrathful mood.

Wild havoc spreading thro' the affrighted wood—

Snaps short the hemlock with resistless stroke—

Rounds from his anchorage the stubborn oak,

So to the Wind his birth, fitting the fee:

As soft as e'er the zephyr winds blow.

Their breath with perfumes laden of the flowers

That fill the wood, while wing the fleeting hours

On noiseless pinion thro' the summer night,

With drowsy Wind the sun goes down the night,

As in their pleadings resistless, too,

The Humming Bird in honeyed accents woos.

With no disonor to the Serpent, one

Such as the Wind, the Bear would half as son.

"Then from his heart of treachery leaped out

Fierce hatred thro' the Serpent's blazing eye,

He snatched the Bird with wild, deafant shout,

And gained the wood that spread its covert high.

The Wind, the sun, the stars, the moon, the moon,

As the lightnings thro' the darkness gleam,

So burned his eyes, and like the breathless hush

That heralds off the tempest wild, he stood

To catch the sound; then, with the whirlwind's

rush,

He sought his love, deep in the horrid wood.

"Now writes the laboring wood with pane and throe!

Her shuddering echoes bandy sounds of woe!

The sickening pool of human gore defiles!

The virgin sanctity of dim ailes!

Before the walls of the baleful shade!

In the defenseless, when his hands entwined,

Far thro' the wilds the craven traitor flies;

But, wounded, at her feet the victor lies.

She pillows soft his head upon the charms

That like two virgin girls, but from her breast

Upon her bosom, turn'd to arms,

And quails her heart with amissed terror, lest

Those gaping wounds should give his spirit flight,

And leave her soul ingulf'd in rayless night.

With her long hair she stanches the red tide

That flows from his pale, prostrate face,

And with the crystal tears from her heart wrong,

She laves his neck on which she oft has hung

When drinking in his love-fate, often told;

But now, alas! the neck her arms enfold,

Has sheathed in his dear flesh some fiend-sent dart,

Whose cruel bars were rancid in her heart.

* * * * *

"The moon had waxed and waned, and still the Wind

Had not the strength to chase the hant and hant,

Meanwhile, the warrior of the Bear had sought

The Serpent far thro' forest deep and glade,

And your wily skill had put to naught

That subtle art, the milk of which he had paid,

And one and one, the tribute of his blood

To those Avengers' ireless of the blood.

Till not an arm was left in the defense

Of him who one time scores had halied as prince.

"The sun lay warm on rippling mere and brook,

What time the Wind and Humming Bird took

To this pool, to con that love-late o'er.

What much in other's eyes had oftimes read—

Which, each new reading sweeter than before,

Had reached its fullness since when they were

wed.

"The sun lay warm on rippling mere and brook,

What time the Wind and Humming Bird took

To this pool, to con that love-late o'er.

What much in other's eyes had oftentimes read—

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cloud has veered round for Sacramento, the silver lining lies on the side of the ship.

The sailor ponders and reflects; as he does so, thrusting his hands into his pockets as if in search of coin. It is an act merely mechanical—for he knows he has not a cent.

While thus occupied he is seated in the little sanded bar-room of the "Home." Alone with the barkeeper—the latter eying his sailor guest with any thing but a sympathetic look. For the book is before him, showing the indebtedness for three days' board and as many nights' bed; a record that makes a bar sinister between them.

Harry Blew thinks, and thinks. Must be sure render? Give up the dreams of getting bright gold and return to spreading black tar?

A glance at the barkeeper decides him. His decision is expressed in characteristic soliloquy:

"Wi' me the old sayin' 'll have to stan' good. Once a sailor still a sailor." Damme! I'll go back to the Crusader."

CHAPTER XXII.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

HAVING resolved upon returning to his ship, Harry Blew is about to sally forth into the street, when his egress is unexpectedly prevented.

Now by the landlord of the low hostelry, nor yet the barkeeper. Both would be only too glad to get rid of a guest who is three days' reckoning in arrear. For his sea-chest, including a suit of Sunday-ashores, is good collateral security for the debt. It is already hypothesized for this, as its owner has been notified.

What hinders Harry Blew from going out is a man who is himself coming in.

No enemy, but a friend; for in the individual who has thus darkened the door, and thrown his shadow across the sanded floor, the discharged tar recognizes an officer of his own ship. Indeed, two, since there is a second close-followed by the first. At sight of them, Harry Blew utters an exclamation of joy. Not noiseily, but in a subdued tone. At the same time jerking off his straw hat, giving a pluck at one of his front ringlets, and bobbing his head; all this simultaneous with a backward scrape of his foot upon the sanded floor. It is intended in humble salutation, for he receives his officers with the same respect as if he had encountered them upon the quarter-deck of their ship.

To one, the elder, he makes a second obeisance beyond the rigorous call either of duty or discipline. For in him he recognizes one who has done a great service to himself, in short, saved his life. When the sailor, struck by a boom, was hurled overboard, into a high, rolling sea, and senseless would have sunk to the bottom, a strong swimmer leapt after, caught, and kept him on the surface till a boat rescued both.

It was Edward Crozier who did this, and it is he who has entered the tavern.

The bar-room is but dimly lighted, and as he steps across its threshold, he asks:

"Is there a sailor staying here, by name Harry Blew?"

"Ay, ay, sir," is the prompt response, Harry himself giving it, along with the salutation described.

During the short interval of silence that succeeds, the sailor's heart can almost be heard beating.

Late depressed—down in the dumps, as he himself would have worded it, the appearance of his preserver is like saving him a second time. Mr. Crozier comes to invite him back to the ship; the very thing he was thinking of. This is his surname.

He waits for the officer to speak.

"I'm glad to find you here, Harry. I was afraid you had gone off to the diggings. How is it you haven't?"

"Well, Master Edward, I did intend standin' on that tack, but couldn't get under way, for the want of a wind."

"I don't understand you, Harry."

"Why, you see, sir, I've been a little bit spruech since comin' ashore, and my locker's got low. More'n that, it's quite cleaned out. Though, I suppose there's plenty of gold in the diggin's, it takes gold to get there; and as I haven't any, I'm laid up here like an old hulk upon a mud-bank. That's just how it is, young gentlemen."

"In that case perhaps you wouldn't feel inclined to ship again?"

"I'd already 'most made up my mind to it, sir. I war just about startin' to go aboard the Crusader, and askin' your honor to get me entered on the ship's books again. I'm willin' to join for a fresh term, if they'll take me."

"How is that, sir?"

"Because I think I can help you to something better; at least, it will be something more to your advantage in a pecuniary sense. You wouldn't mind serving in a merchant ship with wages three or four times as much as you can get on a man-of-war? How would you like it, Harry?"

"I'd like it amazin'ly, sir. And for the matter of it being a merchant, that's neither here nor there, so long's you recommend it. I'll go cook if you tell me to."

"No, no," laughingly replies the officer, "that would never do. I shud pity those who'd have to eat the dishes you'd dress for them. Besides, I should be sorry to see you stewing your strength away in front of a galley fire. I'm authorized to offer you a better berth. It's on a Chilian vessel, and her captain is either Chilian or Spanish. That won't make any difference to you."

"No, sir. I don't care what the ship be, or the skipper either, so long as there's good wages and plenty o' grub."

"And plenty of grog, too, Harry?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I confess to a weakness for that, leastways three times a day."

"No doubt you'll get it as often, as you're a mind. But, Harry, I have a word to say about that very thing. Besides my interest in your own welfare, I've another and more selfish interest in the Chilian ship; so has Mr. Cadwallader. We both want you to be on your best behavior during the trip you're to take. On board will be two lady passengers as far as Panama. You're to do every thing in your power to make things comfortable for them; and if they should ever be in any danger, from storm, shipwreck, or otherwise, you'll stand by them."

"Yes, Harry," adds Cadwallader, "you'll do that, won't you?"

"Lor, your honors!" replies the sailor, in some surprise. "Sure ye needn't put that question to me—a man-o'-war's man! I'd do that much anyhow, out o' starn sense o' duty; but when it comes to takin' care o' a kipple o' ladies, to say nothin' o' both bein' young and beautiful!"

"Hilloa, Harry! How do you know they're either one or the other?" asks Crozier, in surprise, Cadwallader repeating the question.

"Lord love ye, young gentlemen! do you think a common sailor hasn't got eyes in his head for any thing but ropes an' tar? You forget I war o' the boat's crew as rowed two sweet creatures aboord the Crusader the night o' the grand dancin', and arterward took the

same ashore along wi' two young reefers as went to see 'em home. Sure, Harry Blew bein' cox on that occasion couldn't help hearing some o' the speeches as passed in the starin' sheets, though they war spoke in the ears o' the saynoritas, soft as the breeze that fanned their fair white brows, an' brought the color out in their smooth cheeks."

"Ha! you poctical rascal, you've been eavesdroppin' have you? I forgot that you talk Spanish."

"Only a little, your honor; just enough to do me a service aboard the ship you speak o'."

"Well, I won't scold you, seeing that you couldn't help it. I'll confess the ladies in that boat are the same who are to be passengers in the ship. Now, you'll take care of them, I know?"

"That you may depend on, Master Edward. The one as touches a hair o' their heads I'll first have to tear the whole o' off the head o' Harry Blew. I'll see them safe to Panama, or else never get there myself. I promise it on the word o' a man-o'-war's man."

"That's enough. Now to give you directions about joining the ship. She's called the 'Condor,' and is somewhere about in the harbor. You'll find her easily enough. However, you needn't go in search of her now; but report yourself to a gentleman whose name and address is upon this card, a ship-agent, I suppose. He will engage you, make out your papers, and give you full instructions. It appears the Condor is short of hands, even without a mate; and it's quite possible you may receive that berth if you go soon enough. It's too late to-night, however, to present yourself early in the morning; you'll stand a good chance of getting shipped as mate—all the better from your being able to speak a little Spanish."

"Thank ye, sir. I'll show my figure-head to the agent first thing in the mornin'. Not much chance o' any one bein' there before me."

"All right, Harry. And as the Crusader is to sail soon—perhaps in a couple of days—we may not see you again. Remember what you've said about the señoritas. We shall both trust to your fidelity; we know we can."

"Ay, that you can, young gentlemen. Trust your lives to it, an' those of them as is dear to you."

"All right! Let's hope we'll meet again. When you get back to New York you know where to find me. Now, to say good-by. Give us a grip of your hand, old boy. God bless you!"

The young men, each in turn, take the horny hand of the sailor, and press it in earnest friend-ships.

The pressure is returned; that of Crozier by a squeeze that speaks of more than mere respect. It and the look accompanying, tell of true gratitude, fondness bordering on devotion.

After the affectionate interchange, the two mids take departure, and continue their cruise through the streets.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INHOSPITAL HOME.

HARRY BLEW stands in the doorway of the Sailor's Home, watching the young officers as they walk away, and thinking of the change in his prospects, brought about by their interview.

Certainly these have brightened within the hour; for, no longer elevated by the hope of getting to the gold-placers, they had been at their darkest and lowest.

Now the thought of double or treble pay, on board a snug ship, though it be a trading-vessel, with the chance of becoming mate, instead of foremast-man, has given a fillip to the sailor's spirits, and brought them up again.

The only damper is parting with the fine young fellow, his patron and preserver. But he has suffered this before when separating with the Crusader, and can better bear it now, under the reflection that though absent, he will still have an opportunity of proving his gratitude. He knows how much Crozier is interested in the well-being of Dona Carmen Alvarez—as the younger mid in that of Inez Alvarez; and to be intrusted with a sort of guardianship of the señoritas is a proud thought to the sailor.

Hold it under the light of a lamp, he makes out the name, "Don Tomas Silvester," with the address appended.

Returning the bit of pasteboard to his pocket, buttoning up his dreadnaught jacket, and taking a fresh hitch at his duck trowsers, he starts off on a street cruise in search of Don Tomas Silvester.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

The sailor turns toward the door, and without saying another word, steps out into the street.

Once there, he does not stop or stand hesitating. The hospitality of the Sailor's Home has proved a sorry sham; and stung by the shabby treatment received, he is only too glad to get away from the place. All his life used to quarters on a ship, with every thing found for him, he has never experienced the pang of homelessness.

He feels it now, with all its misery—its humiliation; and imagines that the passers-by can see that he is humiliated.

Haunted by this unpleasant fancy, and urged on by it, he hurries away, nor stays his steps till out of sight of the Sailor's Home—quite out of the street in which the hostelry stands. He even hates the thought of going back for his chest, which he will have to do on the morrow.

Meanwhile, what is to become of him for the night? where is he to get supper and a bed?

About sleep he cares less, but having had no dinner, he is hungry, half-famished, and could eat a pound or two of the saltiest and toughest pork that ever came out of a ship's cask.

In this unhappy mood he strays on along the streets. There is no lack of food under his eyes—almost within reach of his hand. But only to tantalize and still further sharpen his appetite. Restaurants are open all round him; and under their blazing lamps he can see steaming dishes, and joints set out upon the tables—guests around, with others going in.

He too might enter without any fear of being challenged as an intruder. For among the men inside are some in coarse garb, many not so decently apparelled as he.

But what use presenting himself in a restaurant? He has not a cent in his pockets. Why go in to gaze at dishes he may not eat, and dare not call for? He remembers his recent humiliation too keenly to risk having it repeated; and again, saddened by the thought of it, he turns his back upon the tempting spread, and tramps gloomily on.

Still the question comes again, where is he to get supper and sleep?

How nice it would be if himself aboard the Crusader—in her forecastle among his old shipmates! It can not be, and therefore it is idle to think of it.

No use regretting his neglect, now that they are gone—in all likelihood back to the ship.

How nice it would be if himself aboard the Crusader—in her forecastle among his old shipmates! It can not be, and therefore it is idle to think of it.

"You must not tell anybody of what you have guessed!" she exclaimed, earnestly.

"About some one being in that room?"

"Yes."

"Why of course not! What a great goose you must think I am."

"Promise me that you will not breathe a single word of it to any living soul until I give you leave."

Chocolate wondered greatly at the anxiety of the girl.

"Of course not!" Chocolate replied, promptly.

"Don't you suppose that I can keep a secret? I'm sure that no one ever thought that I was a tattle-tale."

"Yes, yes, I know that!" Mary exclaimed, evidently in deep distress of mind.

As Chocolate laid her hand upon the doorknob a sudden thought occurred to Mary, and hurriedly she passed her arm around Chocolate's neck and whispered in the girl's ear.

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"About some one being in that room?"

"Yes."

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"If you say that I must take it, I can not do else than obey you," the girl replied, humbly.

"Put it in your pocket then, right away," he said, and she obeyed him even with the word.

"That's right," he exclaimed, patting her head. "Ah, Mary, if I had had a girl like you by my side when I first began my life-fight, I think that it would have made a different man of me. And that reminds me, my dear, there's something that I want to speak to you about."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"MARRY HIM."

"YES?" and Mary looked up in his face, as if to ask what that something was.

"That young girl that was here just now—"

"Chocolate!" said Mary, as he paused.

"Chocolate! Is that her name?"

"No; her name is Mary, the same as my own; Mary Croftin, but Chocolate is her nickname."

"Ah, yes, I understand," Blaine said.

"You need not fear!" Mary exclaimed, hastily.

"She gave me her promise before she went out that she would not tell anybody. She sus-

pected there was some one concealed here."

"From what I overheard of the conversation between you two, I judged she had no suspicion that the person whom she guessed was concealed here was the escaped convict that the police were in search of."

"No; she did not suspect that."

"But she thought that the person was your lover?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," and then John Blaine was si-

lent for a few minutes, evidently reflecting.

"Mary, I overheard some part of the conversation," he said, suddenly; "and one sentence that the girl spoke I do not exactly under-

stand."

"What was that?" Mary asked, vainly trying to remember what Chocolate had said.

"It was just after you got before the door and prevented her from coming in the bedroom. She reproached you with not acting rightly with her, and then added that you had not acted rightly with some one else either."

A crimson blush flooded the girl's face, and in confusion she bent down her head. Blaine's keen eyes instantly read there a confirmation of the suspicion which the outspoken declaration of Chocolate had created in his mind.

Passing his hand under the girl's chin, he lifted up her head so that he could look into her eyes, but the white lids, tightly closed, hid the gray-blue orbs from sight.

"So, so!" he ejaculated, meaningly; "my little girl has a lover, eh?" and then he released his hold upon the chin, and the shapely head sunk down again.

"Come, Mary, tell the truth," he said, coaxingly; "though I know I hardly need to say that, for I am sure if you speak you will tell nothing but the truth. I am not at all wedded about it; why should I be? You are human, right in the spring of life, and with the warm blood of youth leaping lightly in your veins. It would be a miracle, indeed, if you should not find some one to love. I do not expect that the bright of my existence is to hang forever over your life. It would be better for you if you would forget that the world holds, or ever did hold, such a man as John Blaine."

"I would rather not speak," she said, slowly, her eyes downcast to the ground.

"My dear Mary, you must speak," he replied, firmly. "It is my right to know all the partic-

ulars of the affair. Who is the man—what's his name?"

"Carlie Stewart," she replied, in a voice but little above a whisper.

"And who is he? Is he rich or poor?"

"Very rich, Chocolate says."

"Aha! that's good!" and John Blaine rubbed his hands together, gleefully. "And he loves you, eh?"

"He says so," she murmured, softly.

"And you love him?"

"Yes—I could not help it, and yet I struggled so long against it," she rejoined, low and plaintively.

"Why should you try to help it?" Blaine de-

manded.

"I—I thought of you," she murmured.

"You little goose!" he exclaimed; "John Blaine has been as one dead to you for years; but for this accidental meeting to-night, it is possible that we should never have encountered each other. But, to return to your lover. Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted it?" Blaine exclaimed, perfectly satisfied that he had guessed the truth.

"No; I told him that I could not marry him," the girl said, slowly.

"The deuce you did!" he cried, in astonish-

ment; "and why did you make that answer?"

"I knew that you were alive; and I had a presentiment that I should see you soon."

"My dear Mary, this is worse than childish folly!" he protested, impatiently; "I am nothing to you now, nor you to me. Forget the past entirely; marry this man; he will make you happy. I will never trouble you. Only two persons in the world know the relationship existing between us, and those two are Mary Martin and John Blaine. I shall never speak of it, and you surely are wise enough to keep your own counsel. Come, you'll marry this fellow, won't you?" he added, coaxingly.

The girl shook her head, but did not reply.

Blaine looked in the quiet face for a few mi-

nutes, and what he read there plainly revealed to him that no words of his would be powerful enough to alter the determination of the girl.

The escaped felon had done some little exper-

ience with woman-kind during his sojourn on earth, and had fully learned, long years before, that fruitless it was to attempt, by argument,

to change a woman's will.

"I hope that you will reconsider your deter-

mination some day," he said, quietly; "but,

remember, whether you do or not, you have my

free consent to marry the man that you love;

and I promise you that I will never trouble you in any way."

"While you live I shall never marry," was the solemn rejoinder.

"Don't say that, my dear, or you'll be apt to

make me think that you are waiting and wishing for my death!" He spoke lightly; not a bit of seriousness in his manner. And now, to come from the clouds of sentiment down to the earth of actual life, let me see how I must plan to avoid the hounds of the law, who have been so close at my heels. It will hardly do for me to venture abroad after this chase to-night, for every policeman in New York will be on the alert, and of course my present disguise is known. I think, my dear, that the best thing that I can possibly do is to stay here until the affair is partially forgotten. For two or three days the officers will be hot after me, after that, discovering no fresh clue to my whereabouts, they will grow careless, relax in vigilance, and then I can probably manage to slip

out of the city. There is no danger of their searching for me here again. Do you think that you can arrange it so that I can remain here for five or six days?"

"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.

"Mary—that's Chocolate, that smart little thing, that was in here a little while ago?" he said.

"Yes."

"I can take possession of this room here," and Blaine pointed to the inner apartment.

"The door can be kept closed, and no one except your room-mate will think that there is any one here. I suppose Chocolate occupies the rooms with you?"

Mary nodded assent.

"I judged so from what I overheard of the conversation between you two. There is no need, you know, to tell the girl the exact truth about the matter," he said, thoughtfully.

"She is not at home at all in the daytime," Mary said; "she works down town—goes away in the morning and does not get home till night."

"That is good. She thinks that I am your lover, I believe?"

"Well, let her keep in that idea," Blaine remarked, reflectively; "I look too young to pass for your father, if by accident she should happen to catch a glimpse at me; and I am sure that she would not believe that I am your brother. The only brother is the reason for my remaining concealed here, for she is too sharp not to suspect something unless you give her a reasonable explanation. I have an idea," he exclaimed, after a moment's thought; "you can tell her I was concerned in the disturbance down in New Orleans, and am afraid of an arrest by the military authorities. That will not seem like a crime to her."

And the escaped convict laughed as lightly as though a human bloodhound was not tracking his steps with relentless hate.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

The Broken Ring.

BY MARC O. ROLFE.

CAPTAIN WILDE is a gentleman, and I will not listen longer to any thing you may choose to say to the contrary."

The blue eyes, usually dancing with mischief and merriment, flashed a little angry glance at Charley Harper, and Nellie Noyes turned away as if to enter the house.

"Stay, Nellie!" pleaded Charley. "Captain Wilde is a bad man, and I doubt very much whether he is entitled to the rank he assumes. At least, allow me to prove to you the truth of what I have said. I do not ask for your love again. You have imagined that dashing, handsome villain more worthy its possession than me. I don't want him to wrong you!"

Captain Wilde is a gentleman, and is entitled to the rank he lays claim to, and his crippled limb would be sufficient proof of the one to one not blinded by prejudice and envy. Good-afternoon, Mr. Harper."

They parted thus. It was their first quarrel. For nearly a year they had been betrothed, and had not Captain Wilde come between them, with his dashing ways and bad, handsome face, he was the very man, above all others, to interest a romantic little damsel like our heroine; and Nellie had passed but a little time in his society before, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to draw mental contrasts between him and Charley Harper, her faithful and true-hearted, though less elegant lover, not particularly complimentary to the latter.

That night, as Nellie stood by the old gate at the rear of the garden, she heard the sound of footsteps, and a moment later Captain Wilde stood beside her, his arm encircling her waist and his stately head bowed as he imprinted a passionate kiss on her lips. He raised her soft little hand, and, while it nestled trembling in his own, slipped a slender circlet of gold on her finger.

"I would rather not speak," she said, slowly, her eyes downcast to the ground.

"My dear Mary, you must speak," he replied, firmly. "It is my right to know all the partic-

ulars of the affair. Who is the man—what's his name?"

"Carlie Stewart," she replied, in a voice but little above a whisper.

"And who is he? Is he rich or poor?"

"Very rich, Chocolate says."

"Aha! that's good!" and John Blaine rubbed his hands together, gleefully. "And he loves you, eh?"

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"And you love him?"

"Yes—I could not help it, and yet I struggled so long against it," she rejoined, low and plaintively.

"Why should you try to help it?" Blaine de-

manded.

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"You little goose!" he exclaimed; "John Blaine has been as one dead to you for years; but for this accidental meeting to-night, it is possible that we should never have encountered each other. But, to return to your lover. Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And you accepted it?" Blaine exclaimed, perfectly satisfied that he had guessed the truth.

"No; I told him that I could not marry him," the girl said, slowly.

"The deuce you did!" he cried, in astonish-

ment; "and why did you make that answer?"

"I knew that you were alive; and I had a presentiment that I should see you soon."

"My mother's initials," the captain said, carelessly.

"How beautiful!" Nellie exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"The toy is very pretty, darling," was the soft rejoinder. "Business of the most vital im-

portance renders it necessary that I should go to the city to-morrow, to be absent a month at least. Have you not some token, some keepsake, that I may have to cherish for your own dear sake when I am far away?"

A little locket containing her portrait was suspended from her neck by a slender, elegantly wrought golden chain. She unclasped it and placed it in his hand.

He kissed her again and went away, triumphing in his wicked heart over his easily achieved conquest.

He would write to her while he was away, and one day a letter was placed in her hand.

Her heart beat faster for a moment; but one glance at the large, coarse envelope and straggling almost illegible chirography told her that it could not be from Captain Wilde. It was poorly and written in the same irregular style as the superscription. Nellie deciphered it after a few moments' study.

"Dear Niece!—My house was entered last night by a burglar, who shot me through the shoulder; and I am suffering greatly from the wound. Come to me immediately if you can, for I am all alone with the exception of a young girl who helps me to cook my dinner."

"I hope that you will reconsider your deter-

mination some day," she said, quietly; "but,

remember, whether you do or not, you have my

free consent to marry the man that you love;

and I promise you that I will never trouble you in any way."

"While you live I shall never marry," was the solemn rejoinder.

"Don't say that, my dear, or you'll be apt to

make me think that you are waiting and wishing for my death!" He spoke lightly; not a bit of seriousness in his manner. And now, to come from the clouds of sentiment down to the earth of actual life, let me see how I must plan to avoid the hounds of the law, who have been so close at my heels. It will hardly do for me to venture abroad after this chase to-night, for every policeman in New York will be on the alert, and of course my present disguise is known. I think, my dear, that the best thing that I can possibly do is to stay here until the affair is partially forgotten. For two or three days the officers will be hot after me, after that, discovering no fresh clue to my whereabouts, they will grow careless, relax in vigilance, and then I can probably manage to slip

out of the city. There is no danger of their searching for me here again. Do you think that you can arrange it so that I can remain here for five or six days?"

"Yes, but I shall have to confide in Mary," the girl replied, thoughtfully.

"Mary—that's Chocolate, that smart little thing, that was in here a little while ago?" he said.

"Yes."

"I can take possession of this room here," and Blaine pointed to the inner apartment.

"The door can be kept closed, and no one except your room-mate will think that there is any one here. I suppose Chocolate occupies the rooms with you?"

Mary nodded assent.

"I drew off her glove, and as she did so something fell from it, jingling down on the floor at their feet. It was Captain Wilde's be-trothal ring. Nellie's new friend picked it up in two pieces. It had been broken by the falling window, and its deep, cruel imprint was plainly visible on its wearer's finger."

An old lady at the other side of the car volunteered to bind up Nellie's hand in her handkerchief.

FLY-TIME.

BY JOSEPH JR.

The melancholy days have come,
The remnant of the year,
With winter's cold about the house
Proclaims the fine are here,
And weakly human nature has
A tendency to swear.

To dies the latch-string's always out,
They bring their baggage, too,
They come to spend the summer here,
A speculating crew,

And in the meanest thing to boot
Is they will never "shoo!"

The fly is prone to flee,
The fly will never seek the due
Or to low quarters lie,
One of the few the immortal pests

That was not born to die!

They cluster round your choicest wine,
Parch on your goblet's rim,
While half a dozen of them plunge
Neglecting to hang up their clothes

Upon a hickory limb.

You take an after-dinner nap
Upon a parlor chair,
Since it is dear, and postage cheap
But flies more fast than fancies come,

Your vows you disregard,
They take the place of raisins in

Your very choice cake,

They greet you ere the sun is up
To-morrow night to break,

And many like pleasantness

Can follow in their wake.

Oh boy, to whom the story-books
Have done injustice long,

For pulling arms and legs of flies,

I assure you were not wrong,

And think you had a master mind,

And well deserve a song!

"Lie there!" the traitor cried; "proud Muncaster's charm is broken!"

His spurs to his horse he put and dashed

down the slope, while gay Sir John sunk low

beside the ruined charm.

Into the castle his trusty followers carried

both the knight and the oaken casket. They

reck little that the charm had fled, and the

Luck of Muncaster was gone forever.

With the daylight came the Scottish lances a

thousand strong, commanded by James, Dou-

glas' stern earl, and in the foremost rank,

guiding the march, rode William of Liddes-

dale.

Gay Sir John no longer was worthy of that

title; he fought as fight a man around whose

neck the halter twines.

Vain was the struggle; foot by foot, the

Scots won the town, and before the sun sunk, they

held the key to England—merry Carlisle.

The citadel alone held out, but a dangerous

breach was in the wall, and already the Scots

were swarming to the attack.

By the well, in the clear twilight, stood Mar-

garet of Lonsdale, proud Lowther's daughter,

the prettiest maid for many a broad mile

around. Brown as hazel-nuts her eyes and hair;

the lily and the rose blended in her

cheeks. And by the side of the maid stood

William, lord of Liddesdale, a border chieftain

born beyond the Tweed, but, for reckless word

and hasty blow, he was an outlaw from his na-

tive land, and drew his sword for the red cross

of England instead of the thistle of Scotland.

A man of hasty deeds was the dark lord of

Liddesdale, uncertain friend and cruel enemy.

The charger of the knight stood near at hand.

Liddesdale had just dismounted and surprised

the maiden wrapped in deep reflection by the

side of the crystal well.

"Welcome, Lord William," she said, with

courtly grace; "whence come you?"

"From merry Carlisle," he answered, point-

ing to where the far distant towers of the En-

glish castle kept watch and ward over the Scot-

tish border. "A banished man, I ride now with

the lances of England, and from the donjon

towers of Carlisle we keep good watch that

Scottish Douglass does not surprise us with his

border warriors."

"And who commands at Carlisle?" asked,

the maiden asked, and, as she put the question,

a conscious blush stole over her face.

"Sir John of Pennington, lord of Muncas-

ter," the knight answered, and his brows grew

darker as he watched the lady's face. Full

well he knew that passing rumor had whisper-

ed that gallant young Sir John was the favored

suitor of Lowther's daughter, and the thought

was as bitter gall to the renegade knight, for

he, too, sought to win the love of the flower of

Cumberland.

On bended knee and with earnest word he

told his passion and besought the lady fair and

bright to smile approval on his suit.

"I may not, Sir William," she answered,

slowly, and with many a blush, "for I am the

plighted wife of the lord of Muncaster's lord."

Quickly to his feet sprung the dark-browed

Scot, and the angry words that came from his

lips told of peril to the gay lord of Pennington.

But the lady only smiled.

"Sorrow and dire mischance ne'er to Pen-

nington's heir can come, till the blessed cup,

which once in the Holy Sepulcher did rest, the

Luck of Muncaster, is shattered and broken.

The Douglass proud with all the flower

of Scotland's knights, may circle round the towers

of merry Carlisle, but the towers they ne'er

will win while Sir John commands the English

force, and the charmed cup is safe from harm."

Thus spoke fair Margaret.

Much the Scot marveled this to hear, and

with a lowering brow, he besought the lady to relate

the story of the Luck of Muncaster.

Brief was the tale, and soon she told it.

Hapless Henry, the sixth of that name, flying

from the bloody field of Tonton, where stoned

Warwick, "the king-maker," as men termed

him, had trampled to the earth the white rose

of Lancaster, and planted the red one in a

kingly crown, had sought and received conceal-

ment in Muncaster Castle. For the boon he

had bestowed on Pennington's lord a curiously

wrought glass cup, all studded o'er with golden

spots, and pronounced the charm: "In Muncas-

ter Castle good luck shall be till the charmed

cup is broken."

For a hundred years the charm had held.

No lord of Pennington had ever been van-

quished on the striken field, or heard the cruel

answer, "no," coming from a fair maiden's lips.

"And this is the Luck of Muncaster?" the

Scot cried, as he vaulted him to the saddle.

His eyes were continually straying off toward

the pew where the girl with the yellow hair was

sitting.

"I wouldn't object to being converted by

her thought he.

At last services were over. Clark kept close

to Ned, and on the church steps, by the lucky

chance in the world, he met the young lady

and was introduced to her.

If he had admired her before, he fell in love

with her on getting acquainted. He found it

very easy to get on friendly terms with her

and the little chat on the church steps made

them very good friends indeed, considering the

few minutes they had known each other.

Clark thought of nothing but Grace Hayford

all the afternoon, and announced his intention

to attend church that evening.

"You'll excuse me, I suppose," said Ned.

"I've business another way, so I can't accom-

pany you."

And thou bring the oaken chest to me, and I will hold thee as a dear friend forever."

And ere the bat had winged his second flight across the sable curtain of the night, the dark-browed lord of Liddesdale had done the message of the gay Sir John.

And when the moon peeped out, its rays fell full upon the dark figure of the mail-clad Scot, riding toward Carlisle town, the oaken casket which contained the blessed cup, the "Luck of Muncaster," clasped beneath his arm.

As the midnight bell rung clear on the air, he halted before the gates of merry Carlisle.

Along the northern skies the flames of the lucid watch-fires shone bright. From every hill-top tall the beacon fire told of the advance of stern Earl Douglass and the Scottish power.

"Now by my lady's lips, I swear thou art the truest friend that ever warrior had!" gay Sir John cried in glee, as watching alone before the castle gates, he looked upon dark Liddesdale's face.

"Swear not by the lips of her you love, for you ne'er shall touch them more!" cried the fiery Scot, in savage triumph high.

Douglass rides not 'gainst Muncaster tower, but straight for merry Carlisle. See, I hold in my hands the precious charm that binds good luck to the and thine! Thus I drop it down to earth.

Douglas shall win Carlisle's town, and I the Lady Margaret!"

With a sudden shock the oaken casket came to the ground, straight before Pennington's feet.

"Lie there!" the traitor cried; "proud Muncaster's charm is broken!"

His spurs to his horse he put and dashed

down the slope, while gay Sir John sunk low

beside the ruined charm.

Into the castle his trusty followers carried both the knight and the oaken casket. They

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